

GEN. DE WET IN A TRAP

An Attempt to Break Through to the South Was Frustrated.

Lieut.-Col. Sprogg and Capt. Ivor Guest, of the Yeomanry, Have Resigned—Dispatches For Paul Kruger.

Cape Town, Dec. 29.—Gen. De Wet's attempt to break through to the south has been frustrated, and he is now reported at Senekal with a large commando, holding the country between Frecksburg, Senekal and Windburg.

Gen. Knox is holding the country between Ladybrand and Windburg. The eastern parties of invading Boers are being constantly harassed and driven back toward the Orange river.

Johannesburg, Dec. 29.—The Boers damaged the new Kleinfontein and Chimes batteries Thursday.

London, Dec. 29.—Lieut. Col. Sprogg, who commanded the yeomanry at Lindley, has resigned. Several other resignations have been gazetted, among them being that of Mr. Ivor Guest, M. P., a captain of Yeomanry.

Hon. Ivor Churchill Guest is the eldest son of Lord Wimborne. He belonged to the Dorsetshire Yeomanry cavalry, and is one of the members of parliament in the conservative interest from Plymouth.

Cape Town, Dec. 29.—The yeomanry who were captured near Britstown have been released.

Rome, Dec. 29.—Maj. Grover Bothe, brother of Commandant Gen. Louis Bothe, has arrived in Rome on his way to The Hague. He carries dispatches for Mr. Kruger.

In the course of an interview here Friday he said the war in South Africa would last for years; that Mr. Steyn had planned the invasion of Cape Colony, and that a revolt of the Afrikaners was certain.

Gibraltar, Dec. 29.—The steamer Canada, with Lord Roberts aboard, arrived here from South Africa. The field marshal landed at noon and received a great ovation. The Canada resumed her voyage Friday night.

WEAVING THE WEB.

Evidence Points to Pat Crowe as One of the Abductors of Young Eddie Cudaby.

Omaha, Dec. 29.—Daniel Burris positively identified at Pacific Junction, Iowa, the poney left there mysteriously in the barn of Mrs. Mack, the day following the Cudaby abduction, as one he sold to a man answering the description of Pat Crowe a few days before the abduction.

Mrs. Thomas B. Cooper, a married daughter of Burris, was shown a collection of 25 photographs taken from the rogues gallery and asked to select, if she could, one or more which resembled the "light" man who called to buy the poney. She picked out two photographs of Crowe.

Mrs. Cooper is the fifth person who saw this "light" man who has identified him with a likeness of Crowe and the police now feel sure that he is one of the men wanted. They have not been able, however, to get a clue to the identity of the "dark" man. The detectives want to locate Lizzie Burns, who is alleged to have been an intimate friend of Crowe. She was employed at hotels in South Omaha up to the time of the abduction, since which time she has not been seen.

SMOKED A CIGARETTE.

Son of Senator Pettigrew Assaulted and Seriously Injured by an Usher in a Theater.

Kansas City, Dec. 29.—Frank Walden Pettigrew, son of United States Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, was assaulted and seriously injured by an usher in a theater here. Young Pettigrew, who has just returned from South Africa, where he served in the Boer army, is in the employ of the United States government survey and was on his way to join a surveying corps in Arizona. He was passing the night in this city and went to the theater. He lighted a cigarette in the lobby and thereby became involved in a controversy with an usher as to the rule forbidding smoking. He was struck a blow which dislocated the right cheek bone and also dislocated his jaw. He was treated at police headquarters and then taken to the hospital. There he is to be operated on, as his injuries are serious.

Minister to the United States.

Washington, Dec. 29.—United States Charge Reaume, at Bogota, informs the state department that Carlos Martinez Silva, Colombian minister for foreign affairs, has been appointed minister to the United States, and will sail for his post in the course of two weeks. Mr. Thomas Herran has been appointed secretary of legation at Washington.

Another Victim Is Dead.

Carbondale, Ill., Dec. 29.—William Pyatt, one of the four men found in the riot in Billy Crains' saloon at Vergennes, Ill., Christmas morning, is dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict accusing Joe Davidson of the crime, and he is therefore held to the grand jury without bail.

Trichinae in Pork.

Managua, Nicaragua, Dec. 29.—(Via Galveston, Tex.)—El Liberal, an official government newspaper, declares much trichinae has been discovered in pork sold in the markets.

AN INVENTIVE CASHIER.

Tried His Scheme on a Drummer Whom He Mistook for a Forger.

"I haven't the slightest objection in the world to anyone looking like me," declared the drummer, relates the Detroit Free Press; "furthermore, I believe in encouraging inventive genius. But there is a limit, and though so far I have refrained from murdering anyone, I will not be responsible for what may happen in the future."

"My last trip took me out west, and one day, finding myself short of funds, I entered a bank and asked the cashier if he would be kind enough to cash a draft for me, at the same time reaching in my pocket for papers that would identify me. I noticed that he looked at me rather hard, and the next instant I felt the floor give way under my feet, and I shot out of sight with a rapidity that was startling. My next impression was that if I didn't get out of the tank of water that I had fallen into I would be drowned. The idea was a good one, and I acted on it. Then I yelled for help like a good fellow."

"I was in complete darkness, and although I could hear some sort of excitement going on over my head, my cries met with no response. Finally part of the floor above my head was raised and an arm holding a gun was thrust through. Then a voice commanded me to get out of that, and I got. I came up fighting mad, only to find myself under arrest and a howling mob outside clamoring to get at me. Well, for a time it was wildly exciting, during which demands and explanations were thrown back and forth until the situation was cleared up sufficiently to grasp it."

"It seems that the cashier had mistaken me for a note raiser who had been in the neighborhood, and it further seems that he was of an inventive turn of mind and had arranged a trapdoor before his window that could be sprung by pressing a spring behind his desk, and thus take care of any man that might attempt to hold him up. Mistaking me for the note raiser, who was badly wanted, he thought it would be a good chance to try his idea and take care of me at the same time until he could call an officer. It worked, as I can testify, and I am thinking of getting the right to sell the patent here in the east."

GOOD APPLE SAUCE.

A Dish That Is Too Often Imperfectly Made—The Right Way to Make It.

The veriest child believes it knows how to make apple sauce. Yet it is this simple preparation that shows the skill of an experienced, intelligent cook as surely as the boiling of a potato in a correct manner, so that it is ready to break into a mass of creamy white meal the moment the fork touches it, instead of being, as it so often is, sodden and heavy, indigestible and unwholesome. There is all the difference between a perfectly made apple sauce and one indifferently cooked that there is between a perfectly boiled potato taken off the stove when it is done and a sodden, badly-cooked one. It means a great deal to be a good plain cook. A cook who has learned to be this has very little more to learn in her calling. The fancy part of cooking is easily learned by anyone who has become expert in plain cooking, says the New York Tribune.

Apples are generally overcooked, so that they have lost all the flavor they have. Too much water is often added to them when they are put over to boil, and they are almost always cooked too fast. To make apple sauce, select firm, well-flavored, acid apples. Peel, quarter and core them. To half a dozen apples laid in a rather broad, shallow, porcelain lined dish, put a cupful of hot water. Cover them and let them cook slowly, without adding water until each piece is clear and cooked through. When this is done throw three-quarters of a cupful of sugar over the apples. Still cover them, but draw the dish holding the apple back on the fire, where the heat will slowly dissolve the sugar into a sirup, which will permeate the apple. Take the quarters up carefully and chill them. There will be no liquid, or very little, about this apple sauce if properly cooked. The secret is to absorb all the water and leave the quarters with all their flavor in them, without drawing it out in the water in which they are cooked.

Provisions in Bulk.

Many careful housewives who admit the economy of buying in bulk contend that it is more than offset by added waste in the kitchen. They argue that the average cook is more prodigal in the use of supplies when they appear by the barrel or box than if she is limited to the paper bagful, and that waste is less easily detected. This difficulty is easily remedied by keeping the bulk of such provisions under the housekeeper's lock and key and dispensing necessary quantities daily or weekly. This practice, almost universally followed in England and in large establishments in this country, would be found a useful system in small families.—N. Y. Tribune.

Learning to Wait.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with folded hands, that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but, having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no result such as effort seemed to warrant—nay, perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort. This is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman.—Cram's Magazine.

WHAT MADE HIM TIRED.

Exploits in Pedestrianism of an Expert Billiardist Around the Table.

"It's a smart wife who falls upon the ways of her beloved," said J. C. Crawford, drummer of a New York billiard house, to a Washington Star reporter in one of the uptown hotels last evening; "but I will give her a pointer or two, so that when her lord and master returns home from 'business,' so very tired, she may call him down hard if she knows he is a billiard player."

"The size of the average billiard table is four feet six inches by nine feet six inches, though the professional size is five by ten feet. For the sake of even numbers and the better to illustrate to the unsuspecting better half, I will take the professional size."

"While billiard players usually play by the hour, a game is ordinarily of 50 points. The rapidity with which a game is finished depends upon the skill of the players. If two players complete three games in an hour they are doing good work on an average, and, remember, it is only the average in this estimate."

"We will say that this particular husband, in two hours' play, makes 150 shots. We all know how some men will walk two or three times around or half around a table before each shot. Others take in the situation, and walk only to get in position to cue their ball. On an average we will say that this man walks around the entire table but once before each shot. He walks, therefore, 30 feet at every shot. He will also walk 15 feet at every shot of his opponent, telling him how to make his play and dodging his cue. That makes 45 feet for every shot, or 7,050 feet for his afternoon walk around the table, or about one and one-third miles."

"In addition, he has had four cock-tails, and four more for his friend, since he lost the games. He paid for these also, and the five-dollar side bet on himself. Altogether, his pedestrianism cost a tramp of one and one-third miles, one dollar for drinks and \$2.40 for the two hours use of the table, if the rate is \$1.20 an hour, as it is in the first-class places in New York—total, \$8.40."

"When he reaches home he lies to his poor, little unsuspecting wife like this:

"Claude—'My darling, I am so dead tired from working like a pack horse this afternoon at the office that you must let me off for the show to-night. (Aside) If I hadn't made that side bet on myself I'd have had the dough; now I'm broke for the night.'"

"Maude (whose pretty face is at once drawn in lines of sympathy, and whose accents are tremulous with solicitude)—'Claude, dear, your head is just as hot as it can be! You are really feverish. Poor fellow! I will put this wet towel on your forehead—so!'"

"Claude—'Working like troopers now, Maude. I've walked five miles to-day, if I've gone a step. Sorry we can't go out—but you don't mind staying in when I'm not well, do you, dear? (If she catches my cocktail-perfumed breath it will take more than a new hat to square myself this time.)'"

"Maude—'Not a bit, my poor, ill man. You must go right to bed—no? Not until you have had your dinner? Are you hungry? As a bear? And sick, too? That's a peculiarity of the particular kind of fever from which you are suffering? Poor old chap! Thirsty and hungry! All right. Now for dinner, then for the doctor and to bed. Poor man!'"

"And that's the way we have to talk when we men are in a hole, and want to crawl out and not agitate little Maude's tender heart too much."

A LABOR OF LOVE.

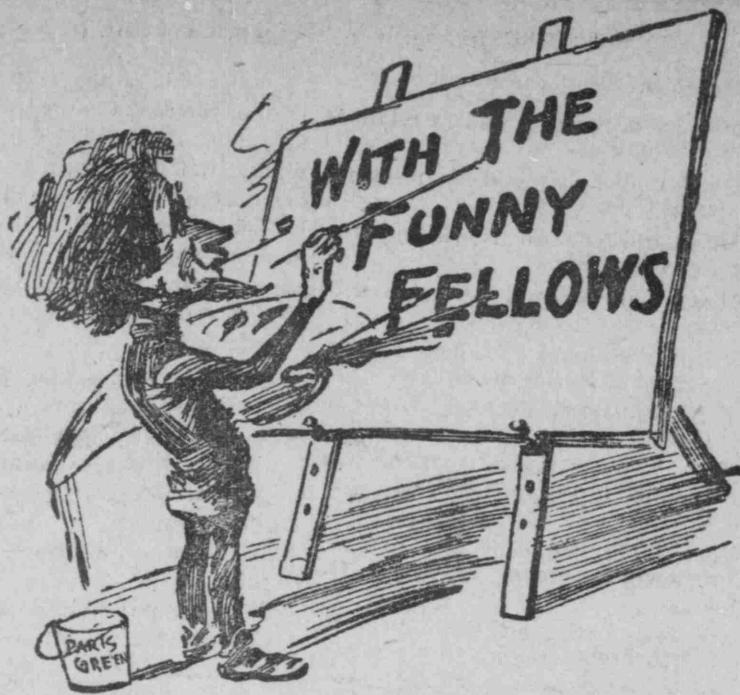
What May Make the Housework Routine Attractive to the Housewife.

To almost any girl the pleasure alone of working for those she loves is sufficient to make housework attractive. I cannot believe that anyone could be continuously enthusiastic over the routine of daily household duties for strangers, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal. But to make a perfect home for a father, to relieve a tired-out mother and provide time for her to enjoy just the things she most wants to give her attention to, or to contrive simple pleasures for brothers and sisters and friends, these every girl knows to be "worth while."

If you learn to be a good housekeeper and homemaker, and then the time comes when you must go into business to earn bread instead of to make it you will know that eight o'clock means when the hour hand points to the center of the figure eight on the clock; the minute hand being at 12; that an hour means 60 minutes; that your attention as well as your time must be given to whatever you would do well; that there are 100 cents in a dollar, and that to waste pennies means to waste dollars; that it is essential to do all tasks well and expeditiously at the same time; that you must give and exact good weight, time and measure, and that all this can be done by concentrating attention on the work in hand. In short, you will be punctual, industrious, quick and neat of hand, thrifty, saving and attentive to your task, the very ideal of business adaptability.

An Accident.

"Oh, really, no, I don't care to hold him," protested the sea captain. "I'm—er—rather afraid of babies, you know, and I don't think they like me." "Oh, nonsense!" insisted the fond mother. "I want you to see how heavy he is." "I must beg you to excuse me. You see—er—the last baby I held got—er—seasick!"—Philadelphia Press.



Not Up to Date.

"O, the disgrace of it all," wept the unhappy wife of the defaulting bank employee.

"Alas! Alas!" moaned her friends, not knowing what else to say.

"O, the disgrace!" continued the sorrowing woman. "To think Henry only got away with \$8,000, when everybody else is taking all the way from a hundred thousand to a million."

Now, when it was too late, she realized her mistake in marrying an old-fashioned man.—Baltimore American.

Too Strong a Temptation.

"Yes, George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."

"The impudent fellow! Of course you said 19?"

"No, I said 26."

"Mercy, girl, you ain't but 24!"

"No, but George is going to give me a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Causes the Gout.

Rich Patient—What is the cause of gout, doctor?

Doctor—Excessive eating and drinking will produce gout. Mental worry will also cause it.

Patient—My, my! Well, I must stop worrying over my excessive eating and drinking.—N. Y. Weekly.

Quite True, Quite True!

Walking Lady (late for rehearsal)—Oh, I'm so sorry to be late. I do hope you haven't all been waiting for me?

Stage Manager (icily)—My dear Miss Chalmers, incompetence is the gift of heaven; but attention to business may be cultivated.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Distribution.

You must do what you're able to; not what you would.

An' the glory consists in a-doin' it good. If wishes was facts, we'd be all kings an' queens.

An' there wouldn't be no one to raise bread an' beans.

—Washington Star.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



Willie—Say, Marie, I saw your big brudder kiss my big sister.

Marie—That's good. Now, let's play Wild West an' hold up brudder.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Achievement.

Through weary years he chased Success, And never seemed to gain an inch, Till, one day, his rich uncle died, Then on Success he had a pinch.

—Brooklyn Life.

A Blow Emphasized.

"Did you feel the blow when that young woman threw you over?"

"Feel it? She wrote on a postal card that I needn't come to see her any more; and I board in a house with three spinsters and five giggling girls."—Detroit Free Press.

Told by the Cards.

"Don't you believe a person's fortune can be told by cards?"

"Well, I can tell that anybody must be poor if their cards are printed instead of engraved."—Stray Stories.

More Dangerous.

Judge—And you say he had murder in his eye?

Victim—No, sir, I think it wuz in his hand. That's where he hid th' rock.—Chicago Daily News.

Effective.

"Funniman has a dry sort of humor."

"Yes; his jokes are enough to drive one to drink, if that's what you mean."—Brooklyn Life.

The Height of Agony.

He—Did your friend, the soprano, ever reach the high C?

She—Yes, one day while she was at the dentist's, I believe she did.—Tit-Bits.

Fought to Get It.

"Did you hear what Mrs. Wedder calls her alimony?"

"No. What?"

"The spoils of war."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Practical Financiering.

"The widow seems to take a great interest in old Goldthwaite. She thinks that if she takes interest now she'll have the principal later."—Tit-Bits.

His System.

The Young One—Dad, give me a pointer about married life. How do you get on so well with mother?

The Old One—Easy enough, my boy. First, I have cultivated a habit of never understanding her. Second, I am a good listener. And third, I never allow her to have anything she doesn't want.

HIS ETIQUETTE.



Mrs. De Mon—I gave you my card yesterday; why did you not call for the clothing I promised you?

Procrastination Bill—Beg pardon, ma'am, but yesterday was Monday and de card said: "At home Thursdays."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reconciliations.

Man loves his life with ardor great; He soon forgets each transient pain. We have our fallings out with Fate—And then we make it up again.

—Washington Star.

His Diagnosis.

Teacher—Suppose you had one pound of candy and gave two-thirds to your little sister and one-fourth to your little brother, what would you have yourself?

Scholar—Well, I guess I'd have the measles or something so's I wouldn't feel much like eating!—Puck.

Recognized Him.

Mrs. Casey (reading war news)—Wan soldier wor mortal wounded an' his lasht words wor: "Gimme whisky."

Mrs. Dolan (whose husband is at the front)—Hivin' hlep me fatherless childer; thot wor Pat.—Harper's Bazar.

No Sincere.

Jaggles—That young poet has become a fad and gets a dollar a head from people to hear him read his poems. That's an easy way to make money.

Waggles—Easy? Say! I guess you never tried to read that fellow's poetry.—Puck.

In Self-Defense.

Towne—I'm surprised at you trying to borrow a dollar from that fellow Harduppe. You're surely not in such awful need of money.

Browne—No, but I felt sure Harduppe was, and I merely anticipated him.—Philadelphia Press.

Conversation and Talk.

"Yes," he said reflectively, "conversation is a lost art."

"Lost art!" she cried. "Why, you just ought to hear us at our whist club."

"I was speaking of conversation," he replied; "not merely talk."—Chicago Post.

Not at Present.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to his friends hath said: "What did I say? I told you so. I called the turn a month ago."

—Boston Journal.

HARD LINES.



"I told her mother that she looked as young as her daughter."

"That caught the old lady, I suppose?"

"Yes, but it lost me the daughter."

—The King.

The Ladder of Preference.

First Lawyer—Young Blackstone has political aspirations, hasn't he?

Second Lawyer—Why do you think so?

First Lawyer—I notice he calls all the barkeepers by their first names.

—N. Y. Weekly.

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